# Northern Messenger

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## An Open-Air Service in Finland.

Our picture, the original painting of which is by a Finnish artist, shows us a little company of Finnish peasants, gathered on a cloudless summer day at the usual meeting-place, to hear the Word of God and join in offering praise to him.

The scene recalls those which once took place on the shores of the Galilean sea—in a very humble way, it is true, but the same spirit is here. The masts of the vessels are seen through the trees, the sails reefed in honor of the day.

Such a picture as this is better than all the one-sided accounts which prejudice gives for or against a people. Everything we learn of the Finlander proves in harmony with this representation of his worship. If he has little of that bold and daring ambition which glorifies one man at the expense of a thousand others, he possesses those more solid virtues to which time always gives the crown.

Hardy, patient, and brave, he is singularly loyal to his rulers. This is perhaps owing to the facts that he has kept the faith and remained poor. In place of wealth comes too often grim famine, but the evils to which this gives rise are much less harmful to the character than those caused by selfishness and luxury.

The general condition of Finland is that of poverty. Nearly nine-tenths of the population are peasants, a vast number of whose families dwell in one room each, warmed by a great stove, the smoke from which escapes in primitive fashion through the roof, the door, or the window. In winter these cabins are lighted by long splinters of pine-wood. And yet, in the midst of this apparent want of all comforts, the people are moral in their habits, clean in their persons, and of an independent and self-respecting character.

There is scarcely a man or woman in Finland of the Lutheran faith who cannot read the bible. The ministers have zealously promoted education, even to the length of refusing the sacrament to any person who cannot read and write.

The Finlanders possess not only their hardly-won privilege of universal toleration, but that open mind and humble heart which welcomes light in whatever direction it comes. To these qualities it is no doubt partly due that the moral condition of the people is so superior, but another consideration has also much to do with the matter, namely, that 'serfdom has never existed in Finland.'—'Cottager and Artisan.'

AN OPEN AIR SERVICE IN FINLAND.

## A Revival Incident.

'You must get the church right before you can hve a revival,' so said an old minister as he stood beside me on the balcony overlooking Eagle Lake, Indiana. 'I found that out in 1873-74, when a revival began in my church that lasted four years.' 'Tell me,' said I, 'how it came about.'

'Well,' said he, 'it was like this. As a young man I was settled over a church which had been faithfully ministered to for half a century, and had been swept by half a dozen revivals in that time; but there were plenty of members over fifty-five years of age that had passed through them all, and were still out of Christ. So I began preaching. But previously, I must tell you, I had entered into the rest of faith, as they called it then. Nights and nights I had spent in prayer; I had trodden the grass of consecration pretty hard by knee practice, and had seen that I could not consecrate myself, but must open the door to Christ, for him to come in and consecrate me to himself. The burden of all my sermons at that time was that the church was responsible for the world, and that if the world was not won for Jesus it was because the church was out of condition. Nothing can stand against a united church, clean in life and practice, and one in its fixed resolve to win the outlying world to Jesus.

'Out of this preaching of mine came a secret prayer-meeting, held in my vestry for eighteen months. I picked the people who composed it, both men and women. We used to pray definitely for the unconverted by name, keeping lists of names definitely before God. A band of young men also used to meet in my vestry, and we would kneel around the room with clasped hands, praying in turn for the conversion of other young men, and when we had gone around once we would begin again. This went on, as I told you, for eighteen months.

'Towards the end of that period I set myself with renewed earnestness to preach to professors. For three months I had no word for the unconverted, and some of them began to fear that they were past saving; but during that time I was constantly urging the church to consider its awful responsibili-

ties, and to become a people prepared for the coming of the Lord. Finally we decided to set apart Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday for special meetings, three each day, to humble ourselves before God and confess our sins.

'On the Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, when we were about to begin the meeting, all my officers rose up in a body and came to the front, confessing that they had been unfaithful to their duties, and then fell on their knees, entreating God to have mercy on them. There wasn't a dry eye in the house; gray-haired professors of religion were crying aloud for salvation, avowing *that they had never truly* experienced saving grace; members of the church were going to and fro across the room, asking forgiveness of those against whom they had trespassed; and it seemed as though the very power of God had come down on the whole assembly. This had not been going on for long before there was a noise at the door, and we found that the workpeople in the neighborhood had thrown down their tools, torn off their aprons, and were waiting in a dense crowd that stretched across the street, for admission to the church. With that hand,' said the venerable old man, 'I unbarred the door and let them in, and they filled the place, crying aloud for salvation. All the work in the neighborhood stood still, whilst God and eternity and salvation filled every heart and thought. Was I not right when I said that when the church is right, the world will come to her pleading to be helped?

'Why,' added he, 'when Dr. Chapman came to hold a mission in my present church a few months ago, we had twenty-seven prayer-meetings weekly, and the results were in proportion; whilst in another church, quite near at hand, with the same evangelist, and without prayer, the results were comparatively small.

'But going back to what I was telling you, we were blessed with some remarkable cases of conversion. There was one man who had been put out over some trivial matter, and had not been in the church for months; but at the invitation of a little girl of twelve he came to the Sunday evening service, and as I gave out the hymn, with the refrain, "Will you go?" broke in with the words, "Yes, I am going right now," and immediately the congregation was turned into a Bochim, and on every side strong men were saying, "We will go, too."

'There was another case. A man had gone out of the church eighteen months before, swearing and declaring that he would never enter it again. His neighbors and children said that he never could be converted. The old minister, on the other hand, had faith to claim this hardened soul for Christ with undoubted assurance. He went to his home and said: "John Pye, I want you to come to church this afternoon." "I have said I won't, and I won't," was the wrathful reply, and he came toward the minister in a threatening manner, to throw him out of the house, but his arm seemed suddenly paralyzed, and from that moment till the Sunday afternoon, three days and three nights, he neither ate nor slept. He then sent for the minister, and entreated him to pray for him. "No," was the reply, "it is no use to pray for you till you have retracted your rash vow and promise me to come to church this evening." At last he yielded. "I'll come," he cried. "Will you pray for me now?" "Certainly." They kneeled together, and he found mercy.

'That evening he stood up before all the congregation and said: "No one need tell me there's no hell. I've been in it for eighteen months. You, minister, took my moral boots off eighteen months ago, and I've been in hell ever since; but, thank God, my chains are broken, and I'm free." I had no need to preach a sermon that night. The conversion of this man became the talk of the neighborhood, and people came from thirty miles round to see what God had wrought.'

This is the kind of revival we need, and the conditions are clear and easy to realize. Why can not the godly ministers among us get the more earnest of their people to join them in definite and persevering prayer? Why can not we induce professing Christians everywhere to cleanse themselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit? Why can not we bring all the tithes into God's storehouse, and prove him whether he will not give us the latter rain ere the century comes to a close? Nothing can resist a united, holy, peaceful church.—F. B. Meyer, in the 'Christian.'

## A Prayer That Was Answered

At the Boston Conference on Systematic Beneficence one of the most interesting services was the Open Parliament, in which testimonies were called for from those who had experienced the blessings of systematic and proportionate giving. Among others Hon. Chester W. Kingsley, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was called upon. Mr. Kingsley said that it had long seemed to him that the weakest point in our Christian life was the lack of systematic and proportionate giving and as a result, our great religious and missionary societies are cramped for the means necessary to carry on and extend their work. When he was a young man working for a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and with a wife and family to support, he was impressed with the needs of the cause of God in all the earth. It was difficult for him to see how he could give anything out of his small salary, and he was troubled about it, and that others who could, did not give more; and he made a prayer, 'Oh, Lord, give me a hand to get and a heart to give.' Mr. Kingsley said that he had offered this prayer, he supposed, more than a thousand times, and, as is well known, the Lord has answered the prayer in both directions, prospering his servant in business affairs and at the same time giving him a heart to provide generous things for every department of the Lord's work. This is a prayer which the Lord has been pleased to answer. It is a good prayer for young business men to adopt—'Lord, give me a hand to get and a heart to give.'

## Making of the New Man.

Give a boy some regular, responsible occupation; something to do that must be done; something to do the first thing in the morning—blacking shoes, tending fires, cleaning cellar, porch, or walk, carrying milk or papers.

Give him hammer, nails, and all kinds of tools. He will soon learn to handle without hurting. Encourage him in making things—playhouses, boxes, carts, derricks. Give him a garden to cultivate, pets to take care of. Again, give him something to do that must be done, that he will do because he is interested.

How often arises the question, what to do, such a big question that it is dodged by sending the boy into the street, bidding him not to keep 'running in.' So he stays out until his boy's appetite—his big boy's appetite—brings him in.

Then, how is he met on that ground? Is there not a continuance of more or less nagging during the meal to insure good manners?

There is really no greater point in the temperance work than in feeding the boys. They should have good, strong, nourishing food, and plenty of it. Let the meals be something to be remembered, something to be anticipated.

Feed the boy; feed him well. Make a man of him; keep him at home also; interest him in some plans for the evening, for rest and recreation. Let there be something to do, somebody coming, somewhere to go. Hold the boy from making too freely his own plans or following those of some questionable comrade. The devil is abroad after dark—don't let him catch our boys out!

A boy should go so far as practically to select and buy his own clothes—at least his furnishing goods. He should make out and check off his own laundry lists, lay out his mending, and be able to do it.

He should be often required to care for his own room, and to cook a simple meal, as breakfast, when the cook fails to materialize, or Sunday supper.

These are all manly accomplishments—anything manly in a man that better qualifies him to protect and help a woman, to be her knight, her true helpmate in every way.

Stir yourselves, fathers and mothers; come on, girls! Surely, there is no greater, grander mission than this, having a hand in the making of the new man. Let us make him what we want him to be.—Jenness Miller 'Magazine.'

## A Russian's Penitence in a Train.

'Some Records of the Life of Sir A. Blackwood' is the title of a new book published by Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row, from which we take the following:—Sir Arthur was travelling to London in company with a young Russian gentleman. They were alone in the railway carriage, and after conversation on other matters the Russian was startled by the inquiry whether he had found Jesus. A conversation ensued in which he gave vent to many doubts upon various points of divine truth, and went on reasoning for a good while in a very argumentative spirit. At last I gave him a little tract, called 'I have my ticket?' He held it in his hand for some time, and then, suddenly turning round to me, said, 'Mr. Blackwood, I will be frank with you; I will not read this. I had much rather not.' I was surprised, but only said that he must do as he liked, and we parted. His refusal to read the tract weighed on his mind all day; but in the evening so determined was he not to do so, that he bought a weekly newspaper and read that instead. On reaching his station he got out and went to the omnibus, but found it full. It was pouring, and he had to go on to the next station, whence he would only have a mile and a half to walk. Having only a few minutes to spend in the train, he thought he would not begin another article in the newspaper, but instead would just look at the tract, and so would be able to tell me he had read it. He did so, and, by God's grace, when his eyes reached the words, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' the veil fell from his eyes, and he believed in Jesus. Being alone in the carriage, he fell down and poured out his heart in prayer to his new-found Father in heaven.'—'Christian Herald.'

Let your kindness, your self-denial for others come before God only, saying nothing about them. The best service is that which no one knows but himself. Serve in your closet in praise and prayer, and your Father which seeth in secret shall reward you openly.—Dr. Andrew Bonar.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Light in the Window.

Dan plodded on through sleet and snow, with step awkward and shuffling, yet with a certain resolution in it.

On through sleet and snow, till he came at last in front of a low cottage, standing in the midst of a square plot. A light streamed forth from its front window over the white pathway. It had shone there for him every winter nightfall for many a year; and he never saw that beacon-ray without blessing his 'little lamb' over and over again. How warm she had kept his heart! And yet among the hard things in his life, people who took the trouble to speak of him at all always reckoned 'that crippled child.' When his wife died, and left him her hour-old baby to bring up as best he could, they commiserated him, and wondered what he was to do. And when it was found that the child would never be able to walk, they thought his burden was heavier than he could well bear. But he knew—only he could not have told them or reasoned about it—what had been his sweet compensation.

WHEN HE OPENED THE DOOR.

Now, as he entered the yard, his step grew quicker. All that was shuffling and uncertain passed out of his manner, and he walked with the strong, firm tread of one sure of his welcome. Drawing near, he saw her face at the window, which the light illumined—a face of almost ideal beauty. Not the features so much; when you analyzed them they were far from regular, and bore a curious likeness to his own. But the great blue eyes were full of light, the color came and went on the cheeks in faint pink flushes, and the skin was transparent as the most delicate crystal. Round this wistful, loving, waiting face floated a mass of soft golden hair, like the halos you see sometimes in old pictures round the brows of saints. When she saw him the blue eyes kindled, then the face disappeared from the window, and when he opened the door there she was, in front of it, with her lips uplifted for his kiss. The neighbor stood by, her things on ready to go, and it struck Dan that there was a look of pity on her face.

'*You'd better not get too near the child* with those wet things on,' she said kindly. 'She's but a weak little thing, and she mustn't take cold.'

He started back remorsefully, and did not go up to the girl again until he had taken all his wet things off in his own room, and made himself quite dry and tidy. By this time the neighbor was gone, and he and Eunice sat down together to the supper which waited. He had the keen, hungry appetite of a working-man, but it did not keep him from noticing presently that the food on his child's plate remained untouched. He laid down his knife and fork, and looked at her anxiously.

'Ain't you going to keep father company a little, dearie? You ain't never hearty, I know, but I want to see you eat something.

She smiled faintly.

'You know you don't let me work any more, father; and I can't get hungry like you, that are busy all day, working for me.'

'Yes, lamb, for you,' he repeated, as if the words gave him pleasure. 'God knows it's for you, and he knows how thankful I am to have you to work for. Folks talk about my lot bein' hard, but that's all they know. I wouldn't change places with no man. So long as he leaves me you, I'll never doubt that God loves me.'

The girl sighed, and a look of white pain quivered a moment about her lips.

'Take me up, father,' she said, half an hour after, as they sat before the bright fire together. No mother's touch could have been more tender than that rough man's as he lifted the little twisted form into his arms, and laid the sunny head carefully against his bosom. She rested there for a *while silently, looking fondly up into his* face, and now and then touching his cheeks gently with her thin fingers. At last she said, with an air earnest yet slightly hesitating, 'You do believe God loves you, don't you, father?'

'Yes, lamb, yes; so long's he leaves me you.'

'But if he didn't leave me,' she persisted, 'wouldn't you believe that, too, was because he loved you?'

The girl stretched her arm up and drew it round his neck, and laid her face on his shoulder, to hide the tears she could not keep back. After a while he asked a sudden question, breathlessly, as if a suspicion had pierced him with a pang too sharp to be borne,—

'Has Dr. Peters been here to-day, Eunice?'

She trembled a little, but she answered quietly, 'Yes, father.'

'And he says your're goin,' does he, the way your mother went? Child, don't you believe him! You shan't go. My love will keep you alive. Hasn't it kept you, now, fourteen years? Why, the doctor said you wouldn't live the first time he laid you in my arms! But you have lived, and here you are, and here I'll hold you. Hasn't my love kept you so long?'

'Your love, and God's love, father. But what if he thinks now that it's time for me to go home?'

And then they sat on silently for a long, still hour; and the wood-fire burned brightly and now and then a brand dropped on the hearth, and that and the storm outside were the only sounds which broke the stillness, save when, once or twice, a great gasping sob tore up from Dan's deep chest. At last he bent over, and turned his girl's face toward him, and looked into it with eager, hungry eyes

'It'll be a sorry world, lamb,' he said, 'when you're not in it—when there's nobody waitin' at the door, and no light burnin' in the winder.'

She looked up, her blue eyes full of tears.

'Father,' she said gently, 'don't you know you've told me sometimes how the thought that I was waitin' made it easy for you to get home, when the storms drove ever so hard, and kept you from wantin' to turn into store or tavern?'

'Yes, lamb, yes; but what'll keep me on my way when you're gone?' he answered bitterly.

'I thought of the times you'd said that, father, after Dr. Peters went away to-day; and I wondered if it wasn't God's love that was going to take me to the heavenly home, so as to make it easier for you to come. I'll wait for you there, father; and I won't be lame any more, and I'll come to meet you, when you get on that threshold—as I never could here—strong and free, father, strong and free. Won't it make it easy for you to come on, in spite of storms, and not turn aside by the way, when you know I'm waitin' there, just as sure as ever I waited here?'

But the father said nothing; he only held her against his aching heart, with a grasp

that almost hurt her, as if to ease his pain—held her till bedtime came, and then carried her to her room, and left her there with a long, sad, silent kiss.

Once alone, the passion of his agony clutched him in its grasp; but he suffered no sound to escape him which should reach her ears. Rigid as stone he sat before the fire, and never heeded when the room grew cold, and the last brand burned out and fell into grey ashes.

After that night he never returned again to the subject. He saw that she failed every day, but he could not talk about it, and she understood him too well to urge him. Every day he went to his work; now was not the time to fail, when she needed unwonted luxuries, and might need them no one knew how long. Every night he came home to her, his face pallid with apprehension. At last she grew too weak to sit up any more, and lay patiently all day on her little bed, bearing without a moan her torturing pain, and never forgetting at night to have the lamp put in the window—the beacon-light for the father coming home.

Just at the last there was a time when all knew that the end was near. That week her father did not go to his work. There was money enough for all she would ever need in this life, and more. So motionless, except when he could do something for her comfort, he sat all day long by her pillow and watched her, save when sometimes his agony grew too mighty to be borne, and he had to rush away from her, out under the desolate grey sky, where the winter winds were blowing, and shriek out the madness of his woe to the pitiless heavens. Eunice watched him, too, in her turn, with loving, anxious, searching gaze, but she saw no hope

in his face. She knew that he was hardening his heart. There came a night, at length, when he was with her alone. A woman who had come to watch had fallen asleep in the other room. Dan would not waken her; he was greedy of every moment in which he could have his girl all to himself. So he sat as usual, looking at her silently, and she as silently gazed back into his face with her great, far-seeing blue eyes. At last she said,—

'Then I must not wait for you there, father? You won't come?'

He looked at her with startled gaze. He had never thought of the matter in that light before. She waited a moment, and then went on,—

'I thought you'd want to come, father. I thought you'd see how God meant to draw you to him by taking me first. And I thought I could die easy, feelin' sure of your comin,' and then wait for you there a little while. But you won't see God's love, and you won't feel that I'm waitin."

Something touched his heart at last—her look, perhaps, or her words, or her tone of piteous pleading, or all these combined. He sank sobbing on his knees beside her.

'God pity me!' he gasped; 'God forgive me! Wait for me there, lamb, I'll come, surely. I'll walk in his way.'

Does not my story fitly end here, where Eunice's work ended? Her life went out, after that, painlessly and quietly. Her hand was in her father's to the very last, and he murmured, in answer to the appeal in her dying eyes, 'I'll come, lamb, surely!'

He buried his girl beside her mother. But to him she is not dead. He believes, simple, literal soul, that God's love has given him one of the many mansions, and that she waits for him there, at its window, her face illumined by a light that will never grow dim or fade away.—'Children's Treasury.'

## 'I Know Thy Patience.'

(By Irene Winter.)

Poor Grace! It was hard, certainly. She had been getting on so well with her music lately, and her master really seemed pleased. How was it that she had failed so dreadfully this afternoon?

She had started for the lesson with a smiling face, her sonata hugged lovingly under her arm, happy and confident—perhaps too confident—in the memory of last week's commendation.

And now, two hours afterwards, she was sitting in her own room again, elbows resting on the table, and a flushed, disappointed face leaning on her clasped hands. Grace's blue eyes, usually shining with fun, were bright now with tears, and there was, to tell the truth, a little bitterness at the bottom of her heart. Herr Brune had called her lazy and careless! Was it true? She had meant to work so hard for him, and it was not her fault that Carrie had asked her to go to the library yesterday just when she meant to practise that difficult passage.

To be sure, she had just looked through the new books when she came back—and on Tuesday evening, perhaps she had been a little longer trimming her new hat than was necessary, and perhaps she might have begun practising a little earlier on Monday morning.—Oh! why was Schumann so provokingly difficult to understand? and Grace gave a vicious little push to the sonata lying beside her.

Poor Schumann, he fell off the table with a crash, and his owner was too angry just then to pick him up. Herr Brune really was unkind; he had scolded, been sarcastic, and then—most terrible stage of all—had leaned back in his chair with a sigh, stonily silent to the end of the movement. And Grace, getting more nervous all the time, had gone on stumbling through the hard passages, till, as she reached the last line, he had closed the book and dismissed his pupil with the coldly significant words, 'Yes; a sonata like that of course requires studying!'

And with the memory of it all, there came a heart-broken little sob, and Grace's arms went down on the table, her face was buried in her hands, and the tears came in earnest.

It is hard, when you think you have done your best, to have someone prove conclusively that you might have done better, and that was what Herr Brune had done for Grace. He had, as one of his pupils termed it, 'a genius for making one feel small;' perhaps, putting it in other words, she might have said 'a genius for teaching,' for does not realization of one's littleness create a desire for growth?

It was a very subdued Grace that went to bed that night, and the sonata still lay where it had fallen. But to tired seventeen sleep is not far off, and it has a wonderful effect in healing the wounds of the day.

When the sun's bright beams shone into the room next morning, and Grace jumped up to look at her watch, she was, on the whole, rather surprised to find that her heart was not quite broken, after all, and that life really wore a comparatively cheerful aspect this morning.

Schumann was picked up and placed on the piano, and deep in Grace's heart was a firm resolve to study him. Then, as she knelt to ask for help during the day, it flashed into her mind that she had forgotten to take her trouble to her best Friend last night. She might have had comfort and help if she had but gone for it. But might she pray about a Schumann sonata? 'Whatsoever ye shall ask'—the words shone down from an illuminated card on the wall, and Grace bowed her head and prayed.

This week's work was different from the last. New books and hats took a secondary place. Grace was really in earnest, and determined to conquer the difficulties in technique and phrasing which had overcome her before.

It was not an easy task: everyone knows how difficult it is to undo careless work, and then build up afresh over the ruins. But honest, whole-hearted endeavor will accomplish a great deal, and before next lesson day came round the sonata showed signs of grave improvement. Herr Brune was a trifle grave and cold at first, he had not forgotten last week, and was anxious that his really talented pupil should not grow careless; but as the music progressed, he gave vent to several satisfied little nods, and when Grace played one of the most difficult phrases in a manner which showed intelligent thought, he turned the page with an encouraging 'So!'

He did not know of the storm which his sharp words had produced last week, nor of the swift earnest prayer for help which his pupil had sent up as she seated herself at the piano, but he heard the difference in the music, and knew that this difference could only have been produced by earnest work.

'So!' said he, as Grace played the final chord, 'that is much better than last week's performance; don't you feel it to be so yourself?'

Grace smiled happily. This meant a good deal from Herr Brune, and was appreciated accordingly.

'It did take a lot of patience, though,' she said as she rose from the piano.

'Oh!' said the master, with an amused little laugh, 'I know all about the patience.

'I suppose he does "know all about it," thought Grace, as she sat by her open window in the twilight. 'I never saw it in that light before, but it will seem easier to practise now, if I remember that he has been through all the drudgery himself.' She took up her bible, and, leaning forward to catch the fading light on the page, began to read her evening Scripture portion. It was the second chapter of the Revelation, the message to the church of Ephesus, and Grace read, 'These things saith he that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks: I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy patience——"'

Patience—the word struck her—'I know . . . thy patience!' Just what her master had said to her that afternoon; just what had made her so happy, so ready to work hard in the future.

And now here was another Master who 'knew all about the patience,' a Master who would be with her for ever, and who could not only set the tasks, but give the necessary patience for their fulfillment.

He knew just how hard it was for Grace to let her light shine amongst some of her careless fellow-students, how hard it was to give

up her own little plans to please her invalid sister, or to help her young brothers with their lessons. Ah! He 'knew all about' it. And the girl bowed her head on her hands, and the happy tears filled her eyes as she knelt to thank the Master who had sent her this encouraging message.

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Just one more peep at Grace. It is Sunday afternoon; the bell for dismissal has rung, and the little scholars troop out into the sunshine, glad to be freed from restraint. The hot July weather has made them more than usually restless and inattentive to-day, and Grace feels discouraged, as she remembers how often her carefully-prepared lesson has had to be interrupted, by such remarks as 'Nellie, sit still,' 'Mary, turn this way,' &c. The superintendent, as he passes, says kindly,' 'Well, Miss Marshall, how have you got on this afternoon?' 'Oh, they have been so tiresome,' says Grace, with a sigh. 'I could not get them to listen.'

Mr. Frost smiled sympathetically as he shook hands. 'It is hard, I know,' he said, 'one wants a great deal of patience with such little ones.'

And again rang through Grace's heart like the refrain of a song 'I know . . . . thy patience;' and again her heart was lifted up in thankfulness to the Divine Master, who knows all about 'the work, and the labor, and the patience' of each of his disciples.—Sunday-School 'Times.' (English).

## The Little Raja.

(By H. F. Huntington.)

He was the last of a long line of pompous Bashaws and Maharajas, the very flower of Aryan royalty, heir to the regency of Manipur and the measureless treasures of generations, the hope of thousands of Manipuri who prayed daily to be delivered from foreign rule.

He was educated after the manner of his kind, to the fullest possible realization of his own greatness and incomparable worth; yet he was a wonderfully sweet, unspoiled child, with fine conception of right and justice—only eight years old, but wise and grave beyond belief. His Mullas instructed him daily in the initial truths of the profound religion of his people, which he did not wholly understand; but it deepened his inherited reverence for sages and holy men upon whose intercession with the Powers depended the welfare of his realm. He was also taught to speak and understand the language of the invaders, to be better able to cope with possible difficulties.

When Major Jeffries, of the English Government Department, appeared at Imphale, with his chosen delegation, to settle matters pertaining to the Burma Treaty, he was received with honors prescribed for such occasions by the Home Government, mingled with very apparent native displeasure, which rather complicated proceedings. But in the course of the long, tedious negotiations, it pleased his little Highness—Rhahula Singh—to appear occasionally; and he singled out the major as a mark of his imperial favor, and made sweet, grave overtures which resulted in a mutual friendship; for Major Jeffries's own little son lay in a lonely grave far up among the Naga hills, and the little princeling crept into his place unawares.

Meantime many exasperating difficulties rose out of intervention of the various Hill tribes under the old Raja's rule, which kept matters at a haggling point. The major went as far as he dared, into the outlying province, to judge of the exact truth for himself, for he had reason to suspect native intrigue. The little Raja fell into the habit of riding to meet him beyond the city walls with his armed escort, of which the old ruler did not wholly approve; but as his son's will had never been thwarted, he did not think the matter of sufficient weight to risk his displeasure. But one day the bodyguard was suddenly surrounded by a clan of the troublesome Mazuna and, in the ensuring skirmish, his little Highness was thrown from his horse and grievously hurt. The offenders were taken prisoners and put to death without question, and a large detachment of Manipuri sent to avenge the wrong on their tribe. To all his inquiries the major received fragmentary, unsatisfactory answers, being now looked upon with dark disfavor as remotely to blame for the misfortune; but after the first agonizing day was past Rhahula Singh sent him a verbal message, through a native official, saying that his sufferings would soon be at end for the oracles predicted a swift recovery, and all his people were praying hourly (with propitiatory sacrifices) to the gods.

The old Raja hesitated no longer in signing the necessary papers, and let him know unmistakably that his presence was considered inauspicious to his son's recovery, upon which Major Jeffries immediately took his departure. But after a week or so, when all the native doctors had exhausted their skill in unavailing efforts to relieve the little sufferer, he was sent for at the child's imperial command, this time as became a prince, with a detachment of Manipuri soldiers to escort him. As no immediate commission was pending he gave up his shooting in the Hills and returned to Imphale to be met with due pomp and ceremony.

He was shocked and pained beyond expression at the ravages pain had wrought on the beautiful child-face, lately so radiant with the glow of perfect health. Now the little prince lay patiently silent on his couch of state barbarously enriched with crimson gold-embroidered purdah and pearl-wreathed arch, the glitter of jewels and rainbow colors contrasting glaringly with the pale, delicate face with its great dark eyes and sweet serious mouth. Jeffries's useful knowledge of surgery told him instantly that no power on earth could save the child; he would have given much at that hour to be able to palliate his suffering; but he knew the superstitions of the people too well to suggest even the simple opiates within his power.

'I am weary of pain, Major Sahib,' he said, plaintively; 'all the prayers of my people cannot move the gods to pity. Is there no one in all the world who can heal my distress?'

'How sorry I am, little Prince!'

'You who are wise beyond your kind, have you not heard, in your wanderings among strange people, of a tabid of unfailing skill?'

'Yes, beloved,' he answered, drawing a deep breath of pain, as relentless memory pierced the unhealing wound of his own sorrow; 'I know of a tabid who has never yet failed to cure earthly woes.'

'Of your race, Sahib?'

'Of a far greater than mine or any race on earth.'

'Why have not my people heard of him? Sahib, they say that the English have lying tongues—all the English who come to our country—and it may be so; but I know that you cannot lie. What you tell me I will believe. What of the great tabid, Major Sahib?'

The servants understood only fragments of the strange language, therefore they could not know what the Sahib told the child so to calm and please him. He repeated the old story of the Prince of Peace in the grave language in which it was the child's custom to speak, but simply, as he had told it to that other and dearer child in the solemn hour of death.

'Tell me more of him, Sahib,' he entreated, in the first pause of the story; 'is he also great and powerful?'

'He has a beautiful kingdom far away where he rules over thousands and thousands of happy ones who serve him with perfect love. But he hears and answers the prayers of all, and heals the sorrows of all who ask him; but some he takes to his kingdom to live and reign with him forever when they have grown weary of the pain of this world.

'A more glorious kingdom than mine, Sahib?'

'Yes, little one, even more beautiful than yours.'

'But I could not go to his country. I would tell him that I am a prince of a powerful nation, and he would then certainly release me for the good of all my people. Tell me how I may commune with him, Sahib.'

'I had a little son who grew weary like you, little Prince, and none could be found to heal his distress; but at last he heard of this great tabib, this sage and master of all mysteries and prayed him for help; but it pleased the Gracious One first to take him to his heavenly kingdom where he healed him forever.'

'Has he returned to tell you of the King?

'No, beloved. No one in all the world ever wished to return from that happy land, and I would not ask it; for there is no desire of the heart that the King would not grant his people.'

'Ah! Think you, Sahib, that the Wise One would also heal me though I am not of his people? I am very weary and have prayed so long in vain. If my father should send rich gifts, would he not heal me also?'

'Nor for gold or presents. He is wiser and holier than all priests and sages, and no one may offer gifts of gold to him; but if you pray to him he will hear and answer.'

'But how can I go to him when I am so weak and ill? May not my father send messengers? He will surely come to me when they tell him I am the Raja of Manipuri.'

'Wherever you are he will hear you, Prince. Do not the sages know all things? and he is wiser than all your sages and holy men.'

'What is his name, Sahib?' he asked, gravely.

'The Lord of Lords and King of Heaven.'

'Lord of Lords and King of Heaven;' he repeated slowly, and lapsed into thoughtful silence, broken at intervals by half-stifled gasps of pain that cut Jeffries to the heart like sword-thrusts.

'I will pray to him,' he said presently, and lifted his tired voice in pathetic supplication. 'Lord of Lords and King of Heaven, the little Raja of Imphale salutes thee. I beseech thee, most merciful sovereign, to heal my distress, for my heart is faint with great pain.' He closed his eyes and fell into a slumber so light that his servants thought him dead and sent in haste to fetch his father. When the old ruler reached the bedside, his son opened his sweet dark eyes and smiled, stretching out his slender brown hands that fluttered weakly back to the gold-broidered cover.

'Ah, Father, dear one,' he said, in a faint, joyful little voice; 'at last I am freed from pain. Oh, it is sweet to live again! Tell my people that I am healed of my distress.'

His father bent over him, trembling like a leaf, and touched the small hand tenderly as one would touch the most sacred thing on earth.

'Lord of Lords and King of Heaven,' he murmured, with a smile of ineffable sweetness and peace, upon which Death set his holy seal.

A young and beautiful woman flung back the heavily-fringed curtains and looked with

intense, frightened gaze at the pale, silent face among the pillows, then, as the bitter truth suddenly confronted her, she ran quickly forward with a sharp cry of stifled agony falling to her knees beside her child. Soon a hundred wailing voices took up the dreary note of mourning; but the King of Heaven had healed the little Raja forever.—'The Independent.'

## A True Story of Impressions.

One afternoon in the autumn of 1861, a Chicago business man in his office was suddenly impressed that he must go home immediately. Finding all well there he handed his wife a parcel, and said, 'Here are three pounds of pork steak.'

Greatly surprised, she returned, 'I attended to the marketing this morning as usual — why did you purchase?— why did you get three pounds this sultry weather? — above all, why did you get pork? — since we never use it?—and pray what good fortune brought you home so early?'

'I don't know,' he answered, 'but about three o'clock I felt impelled to return; I feared you might be ill, or that something had happened; as I passed a meat shop, I was impressed that I must stop and purchase. Since you market in the morning, and prefer a different place, I kept on; but if a voice had spoken from the sky the impression would not have seemed more imperative. So I turned back, thinking, 'What must I get?' Something seemed to say, 'A pork steak—three pounds.' I knew we never used pork; yet I felt compelled to get it. I cannot understand it at all. Perhaps you can.

'Yes, I can,' said Mrs. Shelby. 'This is of the Lord, and he will send for it.'

'Don't give it away, we can use it somehow,' replied the skeptical husband.

But, though expected, no begger appeared.

On retiring at night, the wife prayed: 'Grant, O Lord, that we be not deceived by vain imaginings. If this impression is from thee, make us to know it unmistakably,' and she fell asleep.

At dawn she was awakened by what seemed a whisper, saying, 'Arise; confer not with flesh and blood.' This must mean that I say nothing to my husband, she thought; and, stealing from the room, she murmured, 'Lord, let me not be deceived by a hallucination. Is there some one to whom I should go—and where?' While hastily dressing she seemed to see an outside stairway, which she had once ascended in search of a servant.

Determined to test these impressions which had come to her husband and herself, she got the parcel and flitted into the street. The sun was just rising. A brisk walk brought her to a narrow passage which led between dwellings to a back yard in which stood the cheapest of two-story tenements. The only person she had seen, a savage-looking man, was washing his face at the pump. A thought suggested to her the folly of coming here upon an impression; but climbing the outside stairs she reached the platform atop, and paused before an uncurtained window.

Within stood a fine-looking woman, wringing her up-lifted hands in prayer, before an opened cupboard, which held nothing save a small burnt crust!

'Yes, God has directed me, and this is the place,' she thought, as she pushed open the rickety door, and stood within the room, which was scantily furnished and spotlessly clean.

Twice, thrice she addressed the agonized woman, who, standing with her back to the door, neither saw nor heard. A noble looking boy sat up in bed. Holding out the half-opened parcel, Mrs. Selby said, 'Here is a pork steak.' His face quivering with emotion and wonder, he called several times before the agonized mother heard. She turned, saw, staggered to a chair and fainted.

Mrs. Shelby kept Norwegian servants, and therefore, despite the lad's very broken English, was able to comprehend their story.

Among a body of Scandinavian immigrants was Niels Nielson, with wife and two children; but the father died during the passage. Most of the party went on to Minnesota as farmers. The widow stopped in Chicago, rented this room, put in a few poor things and courageously went out in search of employment. Though she could not speak a word of English, her sweet face and tidy appearance opened two or three doors for her. Near by a woman lived in a chamber alone, who engaged the little girl, aged seven, to bring up wood — a stick at a time, and water by the quart, until the day's supply was in. For this the child received her breakfast. Early as it now was, she was already away at her task. The boy, aged nine years, would have only that burnt crust before going out to sell papers all day. They could not afford a stove, consequently for months had lived on milk and baker's bread. Yet the mother had borne up bravely until yesterday. About three o'clock she came home exhausted after a day of washing and twenty-four hours' fasting. In her native speech she had sobbed out, 'I am so hungry! O, my God, if I only had a pork steak!'

'Now, you have the steak, but what can you do with it?' said Mrs. Shelby. He replied that the woman downstairs had a stove, and had offered to cook meat for them on shares, but they had had none to cook.

'Well,' said the visitor, 'tell your mother that when she cried unto God for a pork steak yesterday afternoon, he sent a gentleman from business to procure it; and when again she cried unto him this morning, the All-Father awakened me and showed me this stairway, that I might bring the meat to you.'

After learning that the poor woman worked for her own neighbor, Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. Shelby joyfully hastened to assure her skeptical husband that the Lord had indeed used them to minister to the widow and the fatherless.

When informed of Mrs. Nielson's distress Mrs. Kendall was greatly shocked; and explained how it had occurred. Her daughters were learning to keep house; therefore, she kept no servant. The woman had been engaged for a certain day in each week, to do the family washing. Finding her wholly reliable, it was arranged that upon that day all the ladies of the household would go out shopping and visiting. They would have everything ready — her dinner and wages on the table, and the door-key in a certain place, to which she should return it when her labor was done. The plan had worked well, and they had extended their outings. One day, in their haste, the money was left on the mantel instead of on the table. The next week the daughters were still more heedless; for, though the dues of the day were added to those of the past week, they forgot to put either food or pay upon the table as was agreed. On returning they found the amount still upon the mantel, and that the conscientious woman had not even entered the pantry for her dinner.

Then followed the narration of how Mr. Shelby had been called from business and impelled to make an unusual purchase; of Mrs. Shelby's awakening and the vision; also some discussion of 'impressions,' and whether we ought to heed them. Mrs. Shelby thought that if we put ourselves into the divine hand, to be used as the All-Wise thought fit, it might be duty to act upon an 'impression,' The young ladies were not ready to accept the conclusion.

Some weeks later, just at evening, Mrs. Kendall, hastened to Mrs. Shelby's, saying, 'Do look out! and see my dainty daughters carrying a great heavy basket between them. They are so closely veiled that no one will recognize them. They have laughed about your 'impressions,' but yesterday, after our arrangements for Thanksgiving day were completed, one said, jestingly, 'I have an "impression," that we ought to send a turkey to someone,' and 'I,' said the other, 'have an "impression," that we ought to cook it, and add sundry things.' So I suggested that they act upon the 'impression,' and they did so, until with turkey, oysters, venison, vegetables, biscuits, puddings, rice, and pies, ready cooked, and butter, cheese, nuts, raisins, candy, fruits, tea, coffee, and sugar, they filled the large clothes-basket, and," she added, laughing, "then they had an "impression" that they ought not to entrust the basket to any one else. They will not carry a trifling package for themselves; yet, see them now, going to test an "impression"! Will you go over to-morrow and see what comes of it?'

Most cheerfully did Mrs. Shelby climb again those outside stairs; but, to her surprise, the window revealed quite a party around a table; nine men and one woman with a baby sat with bowed heads, while a blessing was asked upon the bounties before them. Widow Nielson stood by and her countenance was wonderful. The door was partly open, and Mrs. Shelby quietly entered that she might understand the situation. All rose to their feet, each face beaming with the same wonderful expression. Not comprehending their words, Mrs. S. retired, and next day her servant obtained the facts.

About a mile distant stood a Scandinavian church. The pastor, a learned and deeply pious man, had come over as a true missionary. In Norway attendance at church was compulsory; but in free America the majority of his countrymen appeared to become indifferent to the sanctuary. They were losing the restraints of good habits; were drifting into saloons and sinking rapidly. Not having acquired yet the English language; they could only be reached by their mother tongue. Dr. Peterman's salary was trifling; his family could not come yet. So the self-denying man took up his solitary abode in the steeple and devoted the basement of the little chapel to a company of earnest men who would strive to turn the incoming stream of their countrymen into upward paths. One, who had a wife and babe, acted as head of the family. While they studied, the trifle they could earn provided little more than milk and bread, and yet this class came to number twenty or more. There was need of defter hands than theirs to keep in repair their much worn clothing, which must appear on a platform each Sabbath.

Wilow Nielson was unable to obtain employment more than two days in a week. Most of the other days she spent with the janitor's wife at the chapel, washing, mending and scrubbing, and of course without pay.

As winter drew on, in addition to their previous needs, the poor theologians keenly felt the need of fires and better food. One day they were speaking of the coming national thanksgiving. They had heard that that principal thing was an abundant dinner. Being greatly disheartened, several decided to leave that evening to seek work and a home for the winter. Those who remained almost lost courage entirely. As Mrs. Nielson was returning late to her cold and hungry children, she inly cried, 'Oh, God, why can't we have a Thanksgiving dinner? and

those starving men, too, who are trying to help others to do right?' Nearly blind with weeping, she entered her dark, cheerless room, and stumbled over a great basket! Next day she gave a Thanksgiving dinner to those who had remained at their posts. She did not know who had brought it, or that it was done to test an 'impression,' but she told the story of the pork steak, and how the All-Father had answered her prayer for this day also.

The little theological class has developed into a large institution, a recognized power for good.—'The Standard,' Chicago.

## Ernest's Half Holiday.

(Elizabeth Robins, in 'Zion's Herald.')

There was to be no school, and Ernest expected to spend the afternoon with another boy who lived about a quarter of a mile away. He meant to start at one o'clock, and had opened his lips to tell his mother that now he was going, when she began to speak to him.

'Ernest,' she said, 'could you take care of Edith, and let me lie down for a little while? My head aches so I can hardly see.'

'But I'm going to Casper's,' exclaimed Ernest, in an abused tone of voice, and with his forehead puckered into a scowl. 'You said I might, the first afternoon that school didn't keep.'

'Did I?' I had forgotten,' said his mother, patiently. 'If I said you could go, of course you can,' and she turned away from him and began washing the dinner dishes.

Ernest went quickly out of the house and across the yard, passing Edith who was sitting in the path playing with a tin dipper and a big spoon.

Edith was three years old, and was Ernest's cousin. She and her mamma were visiting at Ernest's, but to-day her mamma had gone away to see an old friend in town and had left Edith behind.

Ernest went out of the yard and down the road, but, he walked more and more slowly, and finally he stopped, and sat down on a big stone by the roadside. He was thinking how pale and tired his mother looked, and of the tears he was almost sure he had seen come into her eyes when she had turned away from him. He was very unhappy. He did not like to take care of Edith; she was always getting into mischief, and when any one tried to stop her she would scream. And he did so want to go to Casper's, for Casper's father had just bought him a swing, one of the kind made of wood, that you sit in and push with your feet to make it go, and Ernest felt as though he couldn't wait to see it and swing in it.

But he didn't like to think of his mother suffering, and it must be a great deal worse to have to take care of Edith if you didn't feel well. He remembered how kind she was to him if he had the least little bit of an ache. He was sure she would not go off and leave him if his head ached so he could hardly see.

Ernest sat for some time and thought of these things, then, all at once, he jumped up from the stone and started back toward home.

When he came in sight of Edith he saw her throwing a dipperful of the gravel from the path into the air. It came down into her lap and made her laugh, so that she began to fill the dipper.

'Stop! Stop!' cried Ernest.

'No—no! I'm going to,' cried Edith, and hurried as fast as she could.

Ernest stopped and pulled his hands full of grass and arnica flowers which grew by the side of the path, then running to her, he emptied the dipper, with a quick jerk of her chubby little arm, and filled it with the grass and blossoms.

'Now, toss that up,' he said. 'It is ever so much nicer than dirt.'

Edith looked as if doubtful whether to be pleased or offended, but finally tossed up the grass, which came down on her head and on the floor beside the sleigh to wait till she should awake.

It was cool and pleasant in the carriage house; the flies on the window made a low humming noise, but excepting that it was very still. Ernest felt a delightful drowziness stealing over him, and before he suspected anything about it, he was as sound asleep as Edith herself.

It was a long time, though it seemed but a little while to Ernest, when he awoke suddenly, and found himself listening to something. He rubbed his eyes and sat up.

'Why, it can't ever be the horn for supper!' he thought. 'Yes—it is!'

Edith awoke at the same time and clambered sleepily out of the sleigh. Then Ernest opened the big door and they both walked toward the house.

Ernest's mother was standing at the door. 'Why!—where have you been?' she said. 'I thought you must be down in the field with papa, you were so still,' and she took Edith in her arms.

Edith's gray eyes were bright, her cheeks pink, and her dark hair curled in little rings about her face. She nestled up against her auntie, and drew a long breath of contentment, but did not speak, for she was not really wide awake.

'Does your head feel better,' asked Ernest.

His mother smiled down on him. 'Yes, dear,' she answered, 'You have given me such a beautiful, long quiet afternoon, that my headache is all gone, and I feel better and more rested than I have for a long time.'

Then Ernest felt very happy, and he was very, very, glad he had come home and taken care of Edith instead of keeping on down the road to Caspar's.

## The Scalded Patient.

The name of the Redeemer embodies his character, his attributes, his titles, his works, his promises, his ordinances: and that name is love. To them that believe, Christ is precious, and everything that is in him is peculiarly attractive. He is all their salvation and all their desire. Such a one was that young woman who had been severely scalded, and was carried to the accident ward of an infirmary, only to die after a few hours of terrible suffering. Night had come, and the patients and the nurses were for the most part asleep. Suddenly from the pallet there was heard a low, sweet song, and these were the words:—

'Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all my guilty fear,
And turns my hell to heaven!'

The voice ceased for a time; but ere long the melody was resumed, and with something in its tones more akin to heaven than earth:—

'Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name,
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'

The doctor was hastened to the bed of his charge, but the spirit had already winged its way to glory, to join the multitude who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and are therefore ever before the throne.—'Christian Ambassador.'

## Be Cheerful.

There are some people who entertain you every time you meet them with a recital of their ills and troubles. When you innocently and courteously ask, 'How do you do today?' you open the gates of speech to an account of poor health, of uncomfortable feelings, of aches and pains, of bad nights and days of wretchedness, enough to crush an ordinary mortal into the grave. If such people knew how wearisome such hypochrondriac talk is to their friends, they would break off the lugubrious habit. When a friend or neighbor greets us on a bright morning, and expresses the hope that we are well, he does not want us to recite in his ears a long chapter of hypochondriac imaginations. Far better is a cheerful greeting, with nothing but brightness in tone and word. Even if we have had a sleepless night, with bad dreams, and are suffering from a dozen serious complaints, there is no reason why we should talk about our discomforts and our ills. This is not among 'whatsoever things are lovely.' We have no right to unlade our unhappinesses where they must become disturbing elements in the lives of others. At least it is nobler for us to try to carry them ourselves. Then such a habit of complaining spoils the sweetness of one's spirit and mar's the beauty of one's character. Talking of one's frets and worries is surely an unlovely and unprofitable thing.—'Forward.'

## Blotting Out Christ.

Six hundred years after Christ came, another prophet rose in the world, and a religion was established in which your Christ was a myth, a delusion, an impostor exposed, or, at all events, a prophet degraded. 'Now we have one God, and it is Allah, and we will worship him, and all the world shall gather in the unity of God, and the grave superstition of the divine Son of God who became a man is blotted out for ever.' That was the cry of the Mussulman. And twelve hundred years are gone, and the consummate issue of it is the Turkish empire. No Mussulman community can be mentioned free from the vices which corrode and destroy. It proves that in the Mussulman's religion, with all his lofty theism and passionate devotion to the one God, there does not lie even the possibility of progress. For no Mohammedan power can even conceive progress towards a kingdom of God upon ear' —Rev. C. F. Horton.

## Just Try It.

Hold fast that angry word, my boy,
Hold fast: you surely know
That nothing, nothing you can do
Will ever bring it back to you
When once you let it go.
A pleasant word will do as well;
Just try it, and you soon can tell,
—'Children's Treasury.'

Have a laugh for the child in her play at your feet;
Have respect for the aged, and pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee;
Have a covering to spare, if he naked should be.
Have a hope in thy sorrow, a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ;
And, oh! above all things on this side of the sod,
Have peace with thy conscience and peace with thy God.

# LITTLE FOLKS

'SPEAK, LORD.'

## In Babyland.

'Tis sleepy time in Babyland,
At six o'clock, you know,
The stillest hour in all the day,
With 'bye-bye' soft and low.

The baby shoes are laid aside,
And baby feet are still;
No longer now they 'pitter pat,'
Or run at baby's will.

The little dress is put away,
The nightly white is donned,
And angels hover near the child
While baby prayers are conned.

Then crooning songs the mother sings,
And through the whole a prayer
Ascends unto the Throne of Grace
And is recorded there.

The Heavenly Father knows the heart,
No prayer is lost on high,
Though listening mortals here below,
Hear only 'baby-bye.'

May guardian angels keep them,
And watch the whole night through,
And in the daylight lead them,
And make them pure and true.

—'Young Soldier.'

## Why Betty Failed.

'Indeed, Miss Betty, I think you are far too large a girl to be so careless. See! you have broken the pitcher, and the milk is spilled on the carpet!' and setting little Jack down nurse began to gather up the fragments of the pitcher, which Betty had thrown down by heedlessly jostling against the table where the little brother's supper was set out.

'Oh, nurse, what a scold you are!' exclaimed Betty, tartly!' 'the old pitcher wasn't worth ten cents!' and with a toss of her head she turned toward the door; but when she saw her mother standing there regarding her sadly she did have the grace to drop her head, while a little blush of shame crept up into her cheeks; and at the words, 'Oh, Betty, Betty!' which came with a deep sigh as they walked down the hall side by side, the little girl laid her head against her mother's arm, saying pleadingly, 'Please don't, mamma; I will do better; I really will!' But as another sigh was the only answer, she put her arm about her mother's neck, and looking coaxingly up into her face, said, 'Mamma, I really mean it; you shall see that this time I shall not forget. I will begin to-morrow; I truly will.'

And as her mother bent to kiss her it seemed to Betty that never again could she grieve her loving heart.

And she did not forget, as she so often did, her good resolutions; in fact her first waking thought the next morning was of her promise. 'I will be very, very careful,' she thought as she lay looking out into the beautiful summer morning; 'I will look where I am going, so that I'll be sure not to knock over a single thing all day; I will not say, "I forgot," once, for I shall not forget. I will not miss a single lesson, and I will be down to breakfast in good time!'

But the last resolution reminded her that she was already in great danger of breaking it by lying still instead of dressing, and she jumped up hastily and hurried on her things to make up for lost time. She had just finished when the breakfast-bell rang, and quite forgetting her prayers, she ran quickly down stairs and reached the dining-room just as her mother entered,

much pleased at her father's, 'Well done, Betty,' and her mother's approving smile.

But alas for Betty's fine plans! Not a moment between breakfast and school hour did she find for those neglected prayers; and as the day passed on the little girl thought that never had there been one so full of mistakes and misfortunes; so that, when in the dusk after supper she curled herself up in a great wicker chair, it was no wonder that, her head went down on the broad arm and the little heart was heavy and sorrowful.

Late to school through looking for a book which had been tossed carelessly where it had no business to go, and where of course Betty never thought of looking for it; cross at the thought of losing a mark; a failure in a lesson because she was too upset to study during the study hour; then, at home, she had broken grandma's spectacles in very much the manner that the accident had occurred last evening; and—well, what was the use of going over all the events of that miserable day, which was to have been so successful and happy! Perhaps crying would not help matters, but it was a relief; and lo, when mamma came into the darkening library and lifted the tumbled head from the arm of the chair, great tears were running down the flushed cheeks! She said not a word at first, but taking Betty's place in the chair, drew her into her arms, then whispered, 'Now tell mother all about it, and how it happened that the plans went so awry.'

And Betty did tell, glad to share the heavy burden, and added, as she finished, 'How did it happen, mamma, when I had meant to be so good, to do not one thing from morning till night to trouble you, that this has been the worst day for a long time?' and the sigh which followed was a very deep and dreary one.

'Poor little girl!' said her mother, stroking the brown head tenderly. 'But, tell me, Betty, did you remember that you had no power in yourself to carry out the good resolutions? and did you ask God to give you his strength to help you in your undertaking?'

'Why, no, mamma,' said Betty, sitting up. 'I never thought that I mightn't be able to do it by myself; and, besides, I was in such a hurry to get to breakfast that I forgot all about my prayers, and after that I didn't have a single minute.'

'Ah!' said her mother, then added, 'And so my poor little soldier went forth to fight the strongest of foes with no weapon, no armor of defence against the darts of the wicked one. It was no wonder that she met only defeat and failure. Do not be discouraged, or tempted to give up the good fight, my darling, but remember that you can do nothing, absolutely nothing, in your own tiny strength. Why, the strongest man in all the world had not the strength in himself to conquer in this fight, and yet the weakest little child may receive it for the asking. Only remember that it is when we go to battle with our own poor little weapons that the enemy is sure to win in the fight, and then you will go for help where only help is to be found. And now, perhaps, instead of being something to regret, we may be thankful for to-day's failures. We surely may if they help you to understand how weak you are alone, how strong with God to help you. And now come for a little walk with me before the dew begins to fall. There are some lovely clouds still lingering in the sky, the promise of a beautiful day to-morrow.—Annie L. Hannah, in 'Child's Paper.'

## When to Become a Christian.

'How old must I be, mother, how old must I be before I can be a Christian?'

The wise mother answered, 'How old must you be, darling, before you love me?'

'Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now, and I always shall,' and she kissed her mother; 'but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be.'

The mother made answer with another question: 'How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?'

'I always did,' she answered, and kissed her mother again; 'but tell me what I want to know,' and she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms around her neck.

The mother asked again, 'How old will you have to be to do what I want you to do,'

Then the child whispered half guessing what her mother meant, 'I can now, without growing any older.'

Then the mother said: 'You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be older. All you have to do is to love and trust and try to please the one who says, "Let the little ones come unto me." Don't you want to begin now?'

The child answered 'yes.'

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in prayer she gave to Christ her little one, who wanted to be his. — 'Ram's Horn.'

## The Poison Ivy.

I knew a little boy who lived near Lake Michigan, said Major Whittle, recently, who was shown by his father the poison ivy that grows very profusely in that region. The father told him he was not to touch it because it would poison his hands, and get on his face and make him sick. 'Do you think you know the plant now, my boy?' said the father. 'Yes, father,' was the reply. 'Well, go over to that oak tree and see if you can pick it out.' He went over and called out, 'Here it is, father.' 'That's right,' said his father. 'Now, go over and find some under that tree.' 'Here it is, father,' he said, as he ran over to another tree and saw on the ground the green shiny leaf of the little ivy bush. 'That is right,' said the father. 'Now you know what it is, remember about it, and be careful and do not touch it.'

It was only a few days after this that the boy was not well, and little red pimples came out all over his hands and face. 'Why,' said the father, 'this is poison ivy! How in the world did this happen, my boy, after father warned you about it?'

The boy began to cry, and said very pitifully, 'Me and Willie thought we would like to see if it would poison us, and so we picked some and rubbed it on.' Could there be anything more like what we read of the woman waiting to see if the fruit which God had forbidden would kill her? And so it seems inevitable that every boy and girl wants—oh, so much!—to do the very thing they are forbidden to do, and that Satan should be still permitted to come and tempt them to do it. This being so, we must be on our guard, and not think that because we very much want to do a thing, that it is right or best for us to do it.

## The Primary Catechism on Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON VI.—ADULTERATIONS IN BEER

Q.—When other substances besides malt, hops, and yeast are put into beer, what are they called?

A.—Adulterations.

Q.—Is the adulteration of beer commonly practised?

A.—So common that it is difficult to find any honest beer on sale.

Q.—What are the most frequent adulterations of beer?

A.—Water to dilute it, and salt to bring up the taste.

Q.—For what other purpose is salt put in?

A.—To make the drinker thirsty, so that he will buy more beer.

Q.—How is the amount of alcohol often increased?

A.—By adding starch, sugar or molasses.

Q.—What other intoxicants are sometimes added?

A.—Tobacco, opium, hemp, cocculus indicus and other poisons.

Q.—Do not all these make the beer poisonous and hurtful?

A.—They do, but the worst poison in the beer is the alcohol.

Q.—Why is it the worst?

A.—Because it kills more people than all other poisons.

Q.—Why do men drink such adulterated stuff?

A.—Because each brewer and dealer contrives to make his own customers think that his beer is honest, and that it is only his neighbors who use adulterations.

## Wise Behind Time.

'Oh! mamma,' said Florrie Nish, running into the kitchen where her mother was busy getting breakfast, 'Can we go to school today, the water is so big?' 'No; the river is growing less, but it won't be down far enough for you to cross in safety before school-time.' 'I'm not sorry,' said Adam, who was almost overpowered by the violent caresses of his father's sheep-dog. 'I'll help you to look after the sheep, father.' 'You're keener to do that than to look at your book,' said his father, reprovingly, as they sat down to breakfast; 'you'll never be fit company for anyone but Laddie, if you're always so careless.' 'Oh! I'll turn steady some day. Eh, Laddie?' said the boy. Ah! none at the table thought how soon that steadying would come. After breakfast, Thomas Nish, who was a shepherd, and his boy went out to the hill. They came in wet with the heather and damp bent through which they had been walking. 'Have you not a drop of whiskey in the house, wife?' asked Thomas, 'the boy and I both need it, for we're very wet.' 'There's not a sip; I'm very sorry, but I meant to bid the children bring some to-day. I'll make you a cup of tea.' 'It's not much worth, but you may do so. John Robson will be crossing the water in the afternoon with his cart, and Florrie might go with him and run down to the village for a bottle of whiskey.' The water is lessening fast, and she could easily come back by the stepping stones.' 'Could Adam not go?' 'I need him; and it's likely we'll be tired and wet when we come in, for some of the sheep are missing; so, Florrie, my woman, be back in time, for we'll be in need of a dram.' Florrie had heard it said, and thought it true, too, that all the good whiskey did was imaginary, and the evil it wrought was very real, but she was a good child, not given to dispute her father's commands, so she took the handkerchief her mother gave her to carry the bottle in, and set off to the ford to meet John. No one thought of the danger to the child; for she and Adam had crossed the river often when it was more swollen than now. Adam and Laddie went a little way with her. The brother and sister were always remarkably affectionate, and Adam was rather sorry for his little sister having to walk alone to the village, so he kissed her kindly when he left her, and Laddie went through his demonstration of affection also. John and Florrie jolted through the ford, and then she alighted and turned down the road to the village, John taking the opposite direction. She had more than a mile to walk; but she was strong and healthy, and the distance was nothing to her. The whiskey bought, she turned homewards; but the wind had risen, and masses of cloud swept across the sky, throwing black shadows on the otherwise sunny landscape. Breathless and tired, she at last arrived at the stepping stones. One of the cloud-shadows was resting on the water at the time, making it look black and deep, except for the tiny wreaths of foam where the water swirled round the stones. Florrie was frightened and disheartened. 'I can't cross there,' she sobbed, 'I might fall in and be drowned. I wish Adam was here.' A vain wish; no one was in sight; but as she glanced up and down she remembered a place where the water flowed shallow over a bed of gravel. 'I can wade across there and not be frightened,' she said. The place was little more than a hundred yards below the stones, and no experienced person would have preferred it. The bed of gravel had a slope down to a deep hole, and over it the water, though shallow, flowed with a strong current; but Florrie had crossed once or twice there, when the river was small with the summer drought, so she chose it now. She never thought of unlacing her strong, coarse boots; but she tied the bottle round her waist, and tucking up her dress, waded in. The gravel was uncertain footing, and the current was too strong, and Florrie fell. There was a wild choking cry ere she was swept into the deep water; but she never rose to the surface again. Half a mile off on the hill Thomas and Adam had seen Florrie go down to the stepping-stones; but the river's banks then hid her from view, so Thomas said, 'Go down and meet her, boy. She'll be tired, the little lass.' Adam bounded away; but he did not see her, nor meet her, so he hastened home, thinking she had been too quick for him. She was not there and the mother took alarm. They went to the stones. She was not found, and Adam crossed and ran down the opposite bank. He found her footsteps near the place where she had tried to cross, and traced them to the water's edge. Then the truth was forced home upon him. The father had seen the commotion, and he joined them. Adam was sent to the nearest farm for help, while his father went for a boat, that the river might be dragged. People quickly collected; but they shook their heads ominously when they knew the facts. Some kind women got the poor mother to go home; but Thomas and Adam were in the boat. The mouth of the river was less than a mile off, and the tide was full, and most of the men thought the body would be carried out to sea. Night came, but a full moon was shining; and although father and son were obliged to give up the dragging, they could not leave the water side, and as the tide fell they plunged into the water again and again, as they caught a glimpse of something that might prove to be all that remained of their dear Florrie. Sympathizing friends stayed with them when they found it vain to urge them to return. When it was nearly midnight a boy came running up breathlessly, with the words, 'It is found.' Yes; a fisherman, returning at night, had found Florrie's body washed ashore on the sands, and now it was being borne home. The minister had gone before to prepare the mother, and Thomas and Adam went home. The little face was as peaceful as if she had fallen asleep on her mother's if she had fallen asleep on her mother's knee but the soft curly hair her mother had twined in happy days round her fingers was dripping and tangled. When they returned from the funeral two days after, Thomas said to his wife, 'Jeanie, I've done with whisky now forever. It has cost us our child, and it must never enter the door.' 'You're right there, Thomas; she did not think the use of it right, either,' said Mrs. Nish, weeping; 'but we're wise behind time, for this resolve will not bring back our darling.' 'We've one left,' said Thomas, glancing at Adam, who, wearied out with sorrow and excitement, was asleep on the floor, his head on Laddie's neck. 'And it will be safer for him, too, not to be used with drink.' 'I daresay,' said Mrs. Nish. Then, with a fresh burst of grief, 'There's nothing hurts me more than to see the dumb beast snuffing and whining when he misses her.' The father groaned and relapsed into silence. Time has in part healed the wounds caused by Florrie's loss, and Adam is now a shepherd in Australia, where he has startled his comrades more than once by a flash of rough eloquence against the use of intoxicating drink, and gives them always a living proof of a strong man doing hard work without tasting it. Were any one to ask him what is the most prized of his possessions, he would show them a small gold locket which he wears round his neck, containing a ring of fair brown hair, a tress of his much-loved, long-lost, little sister, Florrie.—'League Journal.'

## Would You Rob the Poor Man of His Beer?

Yes, I'd rob the poor man of his beer,
And give him a coat instead;
I'd put new shoes on his feet,
And a hat on the top of his head.

I'd give his wife a brand-new gown,
His children I'd clothe with care;
I'd brighten up the fire on his hearth,
Nor leave his cupboard bare.

I'd send him to church on Lord's day morn
With intellect clear and bright,
With wife and family looking so neat,
In praise to God to unite.

And I think at last he would bless my name
With a word or two of cheer.
That all for the sake of his comfort and health,
I had robbed the poor man of his beer.
—F. H. Ropes, in 'Alliance News.'

(Fourth Quarter.)

LESSON I.—October 3.

## Paul's Last Journey to Jerusalem.

Acts xxi., 1-15. Read Acts xxi., 1-17. Commit verses 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.'—Acts xxi., 13.

### Home Readings.

M. Acts xx., 17-38.—Paul's Farewell at Miletus.
T. Acts xxi., 1-17.—Paul's Last Journey to Jerusalem.
W. Matt. xvi., 21-28.—Jesus going to meet death at Jerusalem.
Th. John xv., 13-27.—'They will also persecute you.'
F. II. Tim. ii., 1-13.—'If we suffer, we shall also reign.'
S. II. Cor. iv., 1-18.—'Always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake.'
S. Rom. viii., 28-39.—Persecution cannot separate us from Christ.

### Lesson Story.

After Paul's farewell address to the Ephesian soldiers, and the sorrowful parting which followed, the ship containing Paul and his companions set sail from Miletus and went straight to the island of Coos. Stopping over night, they sailed from Rhodes the next day and from there to Patara, where they took another ship for Phoenicia. Sailing past Cyprus they landed at Tyre, six days after leaving Miletus. The ship was to unload here and tarried seven days.

Paul immediately sought out the few disciples who lived at Tyre, and had fellowship with them while there. These prophesied that Paul would meet with much trouble at Jerusalem, and advised him not to go. However, he persevered in his intention, and was accompanied by the Christians from the city to the shore, where they had a parting prayer and blessing.

Sailing from Tyre they came to Ptolemais, and finding disciples there, abode with them one day. The following day the little band with Paul went on to Caesarea, the city in which dwelt Philip, the evangelist, one of the seven deacons. For some days Paul abode with Philip whose four virgin daughters phophesied. There came from Judea a prophet named Agabus, who, taking Paul's girdle, bound his own hands and feet. Thus signifying the word of the Holy Spirit, that Paul should suffer at the hands of his own countrymen at Jerusalem; that the Jews would bind him and deliver him over to the Gentiles.

Then all the disciples and friends besought Paul that he would not endanger his life by going to Jerusalem. But he tenderly entreated them not to weep and break his heart with their loving sympathy, for he was ready not only to be bound and suffer indignity, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.

Finding their protests useless, and realizing that Paul was following in the steps of his Master, they resigned themselves to the will of the Lord. After these scenes, those who were bound for Jerusalem took up their baggage and proceeded on their journey.

### Lesson Hymn.

When we walk with the Lord,
In the light of his word,
What a glory he sheds on our way;
While we do his good will
He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.

But we never can prove
The delights of his love,
Until all on the altar we lay:
For the favor he shows,
And the joy he bestows,
Are for those who will trust and obey.

Then in fellowship sweet,
We will sit at his feet,
Or we'll walk by his side in the way:
What he says we will do—
Where he sends we will go—
Never fear, only trust and obey.

### Lesson Hints.

'Coos' or 'Cos'—a small island in the Aegean Sea, about forty miles south of Miletus. Coos was famed for its medical school supposed to have been founded by Esculapius.

'Rhodes'—another large island city famed for its beauty of situation About fifty miles south-east of Coos, it lies on the verge of two basins of the Mediterranean, thus being the centre of trade in both directions. Here stood one of the seven wonders of the world, the great Colossus of brass, the figure of a man over one hundred feet high, striding the channel.

'Patara'—a seaport of Lycia. 'Phoenicia'—a part of Syria, along the coast of Palestine. 'Discovered'—come in sight of. 'Cyprus'—a large island near Syria. 'Tyre'—the celebrated commercial city of Phoenicia. The city was originally founded on a rocky island, but Alexander the Great united it to the mainland by an artificial embankment half a mile long.

'Ptolemais'—another Phoenician city on the coast, thirty miles south of Tyre. Named after Ptolemy, king of Egypt; it is one of the oldest cities in the world. 'Caesarea'—about forty miles further down the coast, and seventy miles from Jerusalem. Caesarea, named after Caesar, was the official residence of the Herodian kings and the governors of Judea. The home also of Philip the evangelist, and of Cornelius, the Roman centurion. 'Evangelist'—one who proclaims the evangel or gospel, a herald of good tidings. 'Prophesy'—in old English the word meant the same as preach.

This lesson should be studied with the map, and the places fixed in mind in connection with the events.

### Search Questions.

Give two incidents in connection with each of the following places: Cyprus, Tyre, Caesarea.

### Primary Lesson.

How much do you love Jesus?

Paul said that he was ready to die for the name of Jesus, and a few years later he did die in the service of the Lord who had died for him.

Do you remember the man named Stephen who loved Jesus enough to die for him? Paul had allowed Stephen to be stoned, and after that had gone about persecuting and putting in prison all those who loved Jesus. But that was all before Paul knew Jesus. Now that he knew the wonderful love and tenderness of Jesus, he was willing to die for him, just as Stephen had done.

He was willing to lay down his life so that other people might hear about the love of Jesus. If Paul had not spent so many years teaching and preaching about Jesus, we might never have heard the glad news, we might never have known that Jesus loves us so dearly. And if we do not do all we can to teach people about Jesus there are many others who may never know the love of God.

How much should we love Jesus?

If he gave his life for us, can we give any less than our lives to him? Paul gave his life to him, and was ready at every moment to do whatever Jesus told him to do. We must remember that we belong to Jesus, and be ready and willing to obey him at all times.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'I would follow Jesus,' 'He leadeth me,' 'Hark, my soul,' 'How much owest thou?' 'Lead kindly light,' 'Thy life was given for me,' 'Hold thou my hand.' 'My Jesus, I love thee.'

### Christian Endeavor Topic.

Oct. 3.—How to make God's will our will, and the result.—Phil. ii., 1-13.

### Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Oct. 3.—How can we make God's will our will, and what is the result.—Phil. ii., 1-13.

### From Lawgiver to Father.

(By Rev. William Knight.)

Tiptoeing about the Sunday-school rooms one summer Sunday, the pastor came in his round into the primary department. 'Say something to the children this hot day,' said the principal appealingly. Before the pastor could answer, womanlike, she acted in faith, and soon had her whole school faced about and sitting in their little red chairs with their faces beaming the welcome a pastor loves.

But, alas, he had not a thought in his head for them; it was all so sudden. So it was that he began at random this: 'What have you and your teachers been talking about to-day, my dears?'

'The Ten Commandments?'

'Commandments? Whose commandments?'

'God's,' chimed the voices of the children with terseness and despatch, which under the circumstances made the unprepared pastor long for the usual circumlocution of theological statements.

'Well, children, what—what is a commandment?'

'A law,' said one. 'A rule,' the others added, as if to make the point plain.

'So God has given us some laws or rules, has he? Well, tell me—why did he do this?'

'So we would do 'em,' ventured a boy in a far corner.

'But why does God want us to do his commandments?'

A brief pause, then a boy's voice, 'So we will be better,; and a girl added, 'So we will be Christians.'

'Yes, children that is just the reason why God wants us to do his commandments. But now tell this: why does God want us to be better and be Christians?'

The pastor repeated the deep question slowly, earnestly, while the children pondered. Presently a girl of eight or nine half rose from her little chair, and said sweetly, 'So we can live with him.' The answer touched the hearts of teachers and listeners visibly.

'Yes,' dear, so we can live with him,' said the pastor in the hush that came on. 'But tell us this, children; why does God want us to live with him?' He stood half regretting the utterance of that question. It seemed too deep for little ones. But, as the pastor turned inquiringly, he saw a boy of seven; and to him the pastor repeatd, 'Why does God want us to live with him?'

'Because he loves us,' said the boy. The answer was so clear, so simple, and so complete that the minister thought of the boy in the olden temple.

Then he resolved to venture one step further. 'Yes, Raynard,' he said, 'God wants us to live with him because he loves us. Can you tell me this, little ones; why God loves us?'

'Ah that is too deep,' he said within himself, 'venerable men have floundered in that problem; for the life of me, I don't know whether I can give an easy answer to it myself if the children fail.'

But a girl's head looked up from a bevy of heads of brown and yellow hair—looked up into her pastor's face, half afraid; but her sweet eyes shone with trust in her pastor's kindness.

'Why does God love us?' he repeated persuasively, looking at the upturned face. And the girl answered, 'Because we are his children.'

What mind searching for the essentials of theology needs to be told that that pastor sat down a thoughtful, thankful man. 'This is the goal of religious thinking,' he meditated. 'From the laws of Moses to the Fatherhood of God these children have led me as the bird flies.'—'Golden Rule.'

He who would serve the world must be separate from the world. We become able to lift the world by drawing near to God ourselves.—'Forward.'

# HOUSEHOLD.

## Real and Pretended Ideals.

(By Kate Upson Clark.)

Although this subject has been pressed home more than once to every reader of these lines, few or us, after all, fully appreciate the moulding influence which our ideals, rather than our spoken words, have in our homes. We all know women who pretend that they would rather have their children Christians than anything else, yet deliberately encourage them in worldliness and all sorts of surface accomplishments before spirituality. In a certain Christian household, for example, the mother entertained in her soul a feeling that men could not be as pure-minded and as good as girls.

'You can't make mollycoddles of your boys,' she said to friends in private. 'A man has got to know the world. He has got to sow some wild oats or he can never take his place among men.'

That mother died of a broken heart. One of her sons is a wanderer on the face of the earth, shut out from all decent households; two others died from their excesses; a fourth was saved only by the efforts of a devoted minister. She said to her children, 'Go to church, read the bible. love whatsoever things are honest, pure and of good report, and practice them.' Her heart said: 'I know you cannot be very good and I don't expect it. Neither does the world. You will have to sin a little and we will all wink at it, but you must not go too far. You must end as respectable men.'

It was her heart and not her tongue which had the moulding influence. One thinks of Emerson's, 'How can I hear what you say when what you are is thundering so in my ears?'

An ideal of absolute purity, charity, unselfishness must be preached to our children, and the mother, the father, the pastor must all believe in it to their soul's core, and long and labor for its realization. It will probably never in this world be quite attained, but let the ideal never, even in thought, be lowered.

Beware how you laugh at a child who tells you of a 'good time' which to you seems tame and insipid. Many a youngster is given a distate for simple joys and a hunger for the artificial and the sensational because his elders made fun of his expressions of pleasure at a trifle.

Conversely, let us express our own delight in the simple and the true. 'What a lovely evening we are having at home together! To have Mary and Tom play for us and papa to read a good story and a poem is worth more than the most thrilling melodrama that was ever acted. Or, 'How good you have been all this afternoon. You have made your father and me very happy. What a nice day we have had! Let us have another as soon as we can.'

A right ideal of a truly good time is something which half of even our good people do not possess.

The ideal gentleman is another object which too many of us fail to make plain to our children. He is, perhaps, a harder creature to find than the ideal lady. Sometimes the master of the house impersonates him admirably. Without casting any reflections upon him, in case he falls short in certain particulars, it may be wise to refer from time to time to other men.

'How beautifully Dr. Blank spoke this evening! His language is always refined and expressive. If I could use the English tongue as he does it would make me very happy. One cannot imagine him swearing or using coarse slang.'

'Mr. Smith is a perfect gentleman. He is never seen twirling a cane along the street, or holding a cigar off, with an air of 'See how graceful and fashionable I am!" He does not smoke nor try to "show off" in any way. He is a man through and through, a thinking, noble man. He never does things just because others do. He thinks everything out for himself, and tries to do what is right, without regard to other people.'

Perhaps it is not an extravagant statement to say that, if our boys knew just what a Christian gentleman is, but a small proportion of them would go astray. They have too often nothing to aim at, no proper standard upon which to model themselves. Again, they think they are 'having fun' when they are really having a disagreeable time, which they often have to become inured to in order to like it. They aim to be, like rowdies, or semi-rowdies, because they see no real gentlemen; they drink and smoke and gamble, because they have not been taught the joy of higher pleasures—and this often when they come from homes where the pretended ideals are high, but the real ones hid from sight, but none the less effective, are low and mean.—'The Congregationalist.'

## Sanitary Precautions.

There has been so much 'spoken and written and sung by men' and women, during these enlightened days of the passing nineteenth century on the subject of sanitation, in its relation to domestic science, that it seems almost impossible for a woman to live anywhere within sight and sound of civilization and not possess at least a slight knowledge thereof. And yet there are women so mature in the experience of housekeeping and self-satisfaction that an unquestioned domestic reign sometimes develops, as to be 'sot' against anything in the nature of an innovation upon the 'way mother did' and, incidentally, a reflection upon their own good judgment. Others there are, however, who welcome the gradual change from stuffy living rooms crowded with plush furniture, chenille draperies, picture throws and tidies of impossible design, in varied hue and texture, and other erstwhile esthetic decoration, to polished floors, bamboo furniture and an almost entire absence of dust-catching ornaments. An excellent article on the subject, by Mrs. E. H. Chase, in the May number of 'The American Kitchen Magazine,' contains so many good points that we quote from it as follows:

'A friend put up in her house, in place of the usual heavy draperies, Japanese portieres made of short lengths of bamboo strung with colored beads between the lengths. She gave as a reason for the change, 'I need something, and these are, at least, clean. I am, I hope, done forever with heavy woolen draperies that are always catching the dust, inviting moths, and absorbing ordors. One who keeps them in a sanitary condition must spend a great deal of valuable time removing, beating, airing and putting them in place again. Life is too short, and the need of the world too great for a woman to spend her whole time fighting dirt. We need to be a little plainer. There is as much virtue in avoiding evil as in getting rid of it after it has come to us If I could I would change every upholstered piece for bamboo or willow, and cover my floors with matting or, better, have them polished. When I have to change, I shall not buy velvet carpets nor upholstered chairs. They make a great deal of needless work and harbor a lot of dust and unhealthiness.'

'That carpets and draperies do hold disease, concealed in their folds, in the shape of dust brought in on the feet and skirts from the streets, is not to be questioned. This dust is set in motion by the broom and the dusting brush, and is breathed in by the inmates of the house, and we wonder where we get the diseases that attack us.

'A closed room in which more than one person has to sleep, is certainly unsanitary. The gas from the "deadly coal stove" may do the work more quickly, but not more surely, than the air that has been breathed over and over in a close sleeping room. Lacking the best methods of ventilation a window should aways be open an inch both at top and bottom, and if the draft is likely to strike the bed a strip of cloth should be tacked across. This will give a circulation of outdoor air, and the room will lose that clammy coldness that only vitiated air possesses, and the sleeper will breathe in new life and health instead of debility and slow poison.'—'Union Signal.'

## A Mistaken Mother.

'Why don't you let Helen do that sewing?' I said to my wearied friend, who was nodding over a bit of mending. 'Surely she knows how to mend a plain garment like that.'

'She has never learned to sew,' was the reply. 'She is always busy with her books, and I hate to worry her. She will have a hard enough time by and by. I mean to make her life as easy as I can while she is with me.'

It was so with the dish-washing, the bed-making, the cooking. 'Helen doesn't like to do this, that or the other. She is out with her friends. She is reading. She is tired. I don't like to make a drudge of her. I don't wish her hands to look like mine.' These were some of the sayings of the mistaken mother as apologies for the fact that Helen never helped in household affairs though there was no servant. Poor Helen! I pitied her from my heart. She was learning algebra and geometry, French and Latin, but was deprived of the sweet lessons in loving help, self-denial, womanliness and thoughtfulness that only a mother can give in the school of home. Helen was listless, idle, thoughtless, except in school, dependent upon others for the service that every woman should know how to perform.

What of Helen's future home and the husband whose life she would largely make or mar? What of the possible children whose teacher and trainer she must be? The untrained girl finds endless difficulties before her when she is at last separated from the mother who has waited on her from babyhood. She has no skill, no deftness, no pleasure in duties for which she is utterly unprepared. The smallest service seems irksome.—'Congregationalist.'

## Selected Recipes.

Sponge Pudding.—Rub smooth half a cupful of flour and half a pint of milk, and pour over it half a pint of boiling milk; cook in a double kettle five minutes, then remove from the fire, and add three level tablespoonfuls of cold butter, the yolks of three large eggs or four small ones, and one fourth cupful of sugar. Cool and stir in the well beaten whites of eggs; pour in a buttered pudding dish and bake in a pan of boiling water in moderate oven from thirty to forty minutes.


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